

# Eliza Cump

## Vers Book





# The Conclusion of Pilgrims Progress.

Now reader, I have told my dream to thee,

See if thou canst interpret it to me,

Or to thyself, or neighbour, but take heed,

Of misinterpreting; ~~evil ensues~~, for that instead  
Of doing good, will but thyself abuse:

By misinterpreting; ~~for that~~ Evil ensues.

Take heed also that thou be not extreme

In playing <sup>with the</sup> outside of my dream:

Now let my figure or similitude

put thee into laughter or a feud;

Leave this to boys and fools; but as for thee,

Do thou the substance of the matter see;

Put by the curtains, look within the veil,

Turn up my metaphor and do not fail;

There if thou seekest them, such things thou'lt find

As will be helpful to an honest mind.

What of my ~~metaphors~~ thou findest there be bold,

To throw away, but yet preserve the gold,

What if my gold be wrapped up in ore

Some throw away the apple for the core:



But if thou shalt cast all away as vain,

I know not but it will make me dream again

## The curlew

Hail beauties stranger of the wood,  
Attendant on the spring!

Now hear'n repairs thy rural seat,  
And woods thy welcome sing.

Soon as the daisy decks the green,  
Thou hast thine a star to guide thy path  
Thy certain voice we hear:  
Or mark the rolling year?

Delightful visitant! with thee  
I hail the time of flow'rs,

When hear'n is fill'd with music sweet  
Of birds among the bow'rs.

The school boys, wandering in the wood



To pull the flowers so gay,  
Starts thy curious voice to hear,  
And imitates thy lay.

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Soon as the pea puts on the bloom,  
Thou fly'st thy vocal vail,  
An annual quest, in other lands,  
Others spring to hail.

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Sweet bird thy bow'r is ever green,  
Thy sky is ever clear;  
Thou hast no sorrow in thy song,  
No winter in thy year!

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Oh could I fly - I fly with thee,  
We'd <sup>make</sup> with social wings

Our annual visit o'er the globe  
Companions of the spring.



To a young woman, with a watch  
While this gay toy attracts thy sight,  
Thy reason let it warn;  
And ~~seize~~ <sup>time</sup> seize my dear ~~that rapid~~ <sup>time</sup>  
That never must return.

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If idly lost no art or care.  
The blessing can restore;  
And heaven requires a strict account  
For ev'ry mispent hour.

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Short is our longest day of life,  
And soon its prospect ends  
Yet on that dark uncertain date  
Eternity depends.

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But equal to our being's end  
The space to virtue given;  
And ev'ry minute well improv'd  
Secures an age in heav'n

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## The goodness of Providence,

The Lord my pasture shall prepare  
And feed me with a shepherd's care;  
His presence shall my wants supply,  
And guard me with a watchful eye;  
My noon-day walks he shall attend,  
And all my midnight hours defend.

When in the sultry glebe I faint,  
Or on the thirsty mountains pant,  
To fertile vales, and dewy meads,  
My weary wandering steps he leads:  
Where peaceful rivers soft and slow  
Amid the verdant landscape flow.

When in the paths of death I tread,  
With gloomy horrors overspread,



My steadfast heart shall fear, no; <sup>ill</sup>  
For thou O Lord, art with me still;  
Thy friendly crook shall give me aid  
And guide me through the dreadful shade

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I Tho in a bare and rugged way,  
Through desirous lonely wilds I stray,  
Thy bounty shall my pains beguile,  
The barren wilderness shall smile,  
With sudden greens and herbage crown'd,  
And streams shall murmur all around  
Edmunds.

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The Lord is only my support.  
And he that doth me feed,  
How can I want any thing.  
Whereof I stand in need.

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# The happy choice.

Beset with snares on ev'ry hand,  
In life's uncertain path I stand:  
Father Divine! diffuse thy light,  
To guide my doubtful footsteps right.

Engage this frail, and wor'ring heart  
Wisely, to choose the better part  
To scorn the trifles of a day,  
For joys that never fade away

Then let the wild arise;  
Let tempests mangle earth and skies;  
No fatal shipwreck shall I fear;  
But all my <sup>Treasures</sup> ~~treasure~~ with me bear

If thou I my part<sup>st</sup> still art nigh<sup>st</sup>  
Cheerful I live and peaceful die:



Secure when mortal comforts flee,  
To find ten thousand worlds in thee,

A general song of praise to <sup>god.</sup>  
Among the princes earthly gods,  
There's none hath pow'r divine;  
Nor is their nature mighty Lord,  
Nor are their works like thine.  
The nations thou hast made <sup>bring</sup> shall  
Thee of rings round thy throne;  
For thou alone dost wondrous things  
For thou art god alone.  
Lord I would walk with holy feet;  
Teach me thy heav'nly ways;  
And my poor scatter'd thoughts unite  
In god my father's praise.  
Great is thy mercy and my tongue  
Shall those sweet wonders tell,



Flow by thy grace my sinking soul,  
Rose from the deeps of hell.

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## The Doves.

Reas'ning at ev'ry step he treads,  
Man yet mistakes his way, leads,  
While milder things whom instinct  
Are rarely known to stray,

One silent eve I wander'd late,  
And heard the voice of love;  
The little this address'd her mate,  
And good the list'ning dove!







